



VERSES OF A SHORT LIFE

By L. W. H.



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Lewis W. Hornblower

Verses of a Short Life

*Poems and Poetical Quips of
Lewis Woodruff Hornblower
(1883-1913)*

Edited by G. S. Hornblower



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By KATHERINE BELDEN HORNBLOWER

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"He who could breathe the incense of the East
Listen to music of the Southern palms,
Thrill at the thunders of our Western strife
And glimpse the frozen glitter of the North,
Could walk with sages on Parnassus slopes,
Gaze upon Eleusynian mysteries,
Romp with the young Olympians at play
And stroll in palace gardens of bright clouds—
Would you ask him to plod the travelled path,
Straight and unswerving, deaf to wildwood calls,
Closing his eyes to flowers along the edge,
Steeling his heart against fair frolic's lures?

Your life is not the route for such a one;
Your guide-posts merely mock him riddlewise;
Your rules are not the vestments that will fit
The lithe, quick-darting movements of his soul.
He wearies on your smoothest, proudest street;
He sickens where your dull, gray pavement runs;
And, tho' he help you drive your market-wain,
Bending him to the work with honest zeal—
One moment's pause; his heart breaks, and he dies.

* * * *

Think of him as the bearer of a cup
Wherein the wine of being, seething up,
Sparkled with iridescence as it flowed
To warm his fellow travellers of the road,
To cheer the jaded, animate the dull—
His heart, the cup, alas no longer full."

Anonymous

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^x Published in "The Wooing of Boreas and Other Poems by L.W.H.," Bonnell, Silver & Bowers, New York, 1904;

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† Published in the "Olla Podrida," issued by the graduating class of Lawrenceville School, June, 1900.

MEMOIR AND PREFACE

Lewis Woodruff Hornblower, who died suddenly August 22nd, 1913, was born in New York City, April 15th, 1883, the eldest son of William Butler Hornblower and the late Susan (C.) Sanford Hornblower.

From 1894 to 1896 he attended the Chapin Collegiate School in New York and, in the autumn of 1896, he entered Lawrenceville School at Lawrenceville, New Jersey. There he studied for four years and took some scholarship honors and a debating prize. In his last year at school he was Editor-in-chief of the Lawrenceville Literary Magazine and also Class Poet. He graduated from Lawrenceville in June, 1900, and entered Princeton University the following September. At college, though he won a prize for extemporaneous speaking in the Cliosophic Society, he did not seek any honors, choosing to devote most of his time to independent reading, especially of history. In June, 1904, he received his degree of A.B. from Princeton. He entered the Columbia University Law School the next autumn, but, finding jurisprudence an uncongenial study, abandoned it after a few weeks.

For about a year thereafter he travelled in Europe, keenly enjoying Mediterranean scenery and

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Italian art and continuing his historical reading to advantage. Upon his return to this country, he took up the study of architecture; and the next seven years of his life were spent in working as an architect, except for short periods in other lines of work and various periods when he was travelling or when his health was not good.

On October 28th, 1908, at Litchfield, Connecticut, Mr. Hornblower was married to Katherine Webster Belden, eldest daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Charles O. Belden.

In the Summer of 1912, he entered the employ of the Carolina, Clinchfield & Ohio Railway as an accountant in the auditing department at Johnson City, Tennessee. He and his wife had a house built there from plans drawn by him, and they were living in this house at the time of his death. He was much interested in his work for the railway company and his superiors valued his services highly, speaking in enthusiastic terms of his industry, his quickness and his originality.

In the evenings, when his duties were over, he amused himself by writing a history of Rome and the translation from Lucretius, which he left unfinished at the time of his death. He also wrote a translation of Dionysius' "Roman Antiquities," some essays, and a few short stories; and he compiled many tables and charts throwing light on different subjects of history and science.

Among Lewis Hornblower's acquaintances he

was noted for his affectionate nature, originality of intellect and naïve, impractical sayings and doings, traits which have been well summed up in the comment of a distinguished writer, once a teacher of his, that "Lewis had a touch of unworldliness about him."

How his intimate friends felt about his character is, perhaps, best to be seen in the following passages of a letter from a college classmate:

"No one was closer to Lewis than I in the days at Princeton, and I believe that few understood him as well. . . . No man has failed who has left such an enduring monument of genuine affection. . . . His friends are even now telling over his brilliant gifts and his endearing qualities, as they will never cease to do wherever they are gathered together. His place in our class at college was unique. Intellectually he commanded the admiration, personally he won the affection of all about him. There are many of us who might vanish from the life of the class and our disappearance pass almost unnoticed; but it can be said of Lewis that our undergraduate life would have been materially different without his presence. And it is for the qualities which have made this so, that he will be remembered and beloved always."

His associates in one of the clubs at Princeton witnessed their remembrance of him in the following minutes:

"The members of the Princeton Charter Club de-

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sire to express their heartfelt sorrow at the death of Lewis Woodruff Hornblower, '04.

"Those who knew him in undergraduate days at Princeton will carry with them always the memory of his rare personality.

"He was a dreamer by nature, with the instincts of a poet and a marked fondness for reading, but intensely responsive to the human side of life. Endowed with an exceptional mind, he enhanced the attractiveness of his gifts by his simplicity of manner and his total lack of self-consciousness. His sympathies were quick and unfailing, especially when enlisted in the interests of a friend, whether in cheerful activities or in time of trouble.

"We shall remember him always as the most lovable of companions, the most loyal of friends.

"It is the wish of the Club that this memorial be spread upon the minutes of the Board of Governors, and that a copy be sent to his family.—

Archibald McL. Strong, '04,
John A. Stewart, 3rd, '05,
G. Bartram Woodruff, '04,
Oliver C. Reynolds, '04,
William Balch Todd, Jr., '03,
Committee."

This book is printed at the request of many friends, who value these souvenirs of "Lev" and believe that most of his poems have intrinsic merit. The author was inclined to dis-

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parage his own work, and he had no part in the publication of "The Wooing of Boreas and Other Poems by L. W. H.," a limited edition of his juvenile writings issued in 1904 by Bonnell, Silver & Bowers of New York, at the friendly instance of Mr. Elmer B. Silver. Lewis never revised any of the poems for printing and, indeed, he took little care to preserve his manuscripts. In consequence, many of his cleverest things have disappeared, among them some lines, written on a piece of paper less than an inch square, wherein the scrap appealed not to be thrown away. The bulk of the poems in this book would probably have been lost long ago except for the appreciative interest of a classmate, Archibald M. Strong, who in 1904 persuaded the author to write out for him a fairly complete collection of the verses composed up to that time. The book containing that collection has been used in the preparation of this, and Dr. Strong has given valuable co-operation in the editing.

The poems have been arranged herein, not according to any set demarcations, yet with some regard to their natural grouping. For instance, flippancies of college days will be found in one group and translations from the classics in another. Trivial things and boyish, imperfect items have been included for the sake of their personal interest. Slight modifications of the wording and several changes of the titles have been made, according to the editor's belief (founded on intimate knowledge

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of the author) as to how the various items would have been revised, if the author himself had ever been induced to arrange for their publication.

The whole may serve as Lewis Hornblower's posthumous contribution to the treasury of thoughts, feelings and expressions available for the brightening of the life of his fellows in a work-a-day world. The quickening influence of a live personality is ended; but much of the charm of that personality can, it is hoped, be gathered from these writings.

G. S. H.

New York City, January 22nd, 1914.

VERSES OF A SHORT LIFE

MEMORY

AH, Memory, come, take me in thy boat,
Thy gilded shell upon the waves of time;
And silently and calmly let us float
Back to the past sublime,
The shadowy past of poetry and rhyme—
Come Memory!

IN very truth thou art a magic queen,
Ruling a kingdom vast though undefined;
Thou who canst show me faces I have seen,
And open eyes now blind,
And let me live the life that's left behind—
Strange Memory!

FOR thou hast potent charms, that seem to
throw
A glamour o'er the past before my sight,
That mellows, sweetens even grievous woe
And makes all pleasures bright,
Until they glow with soft, delicious light—
Sweet Memory!

MEMORY (continued)

SO, while I drift with thee from spot to spot,
Bring forth thy visions welcome to mine eyes;
Those scenes but half remembered, half for-
got,

Where shadowy figures rise,
That dream-like fade and leave me but their
sighs—

Vague Memory!

WHY wilt thou ever whisper as we fly
That this is all unreal and truth is stern?
Why wilt thou ever mourn for times gone by,
Times that will not return?
And must I ever long and ever yearn,
Sad Memory?

AY, truth is stern and all must fade away;
Thy dreams and mystic visions must depart.
So waft me back into the light of day.
I know not what thou art;
But this I know, that thou wilt tear my heart,
Oh Memory!

(1900.)

INVOCATION

ONCE more the sunrise summons us to toil;
We leave our rest.
Once more we tread the old familiar soil
With memories blest.
Far-off is triumph; near disaster waits
With mien forlorn.
Yet may we never falter at the gates,
But bold press on.
Lord God of might, be Thou our light
While yet we live.

AS through the cycle of revolving years
Each danger's passed,
Lord save us from our many doubts and
fears
Until the last.
With Thy great power may we temptation
brave;
Then, victory won,

INVOCATION (continued)

Oh, grant that we may sink into our grave,
Our duty done.

Lord God of might, be Thou our light
While yet we live.

(1899.)

NOT IN THE MOONLIGHT

NOT in the moonlight shall we love,
Where treacherous shadows play;
But rather the glorious sun above
In the generous light of day,
Where breezes of early morning move,
Tossing thy locks astray.

NOT in the dance, the sensuous waltz,
Where subtle emotions blow,
Breathing an incense utterly false;
But down where the daisies grow,
To gallop together o'er hills and malls,
Thy delicate cheeks aglow.

NOT mid the strains of the sad guitar
Or tinkling mandolin;
But, while the organ resounds afar,
I'd gaze on thy lifted chin
And drink, as the planet from the star,
The warmth of thy soul within.

NOT IN THE MOONLIGHT (continued)

AND not with passionate words I'd show
The strength of my love for thee;
For speech is feeble and words are slow,
While the wings of the soul are free;
But just by a press of the hand—to know,
And a glance of the eyes—to see.

(1902.)

THE STORM BIRDS

WHEN storm clouds hang o'er the raging
 sea,
And the black waves dash up angrily,
Tossing their white crests to and fro,
To sink again in the depths below;
When the thunder rolls and the wild winds
 cry
With a dismal moan,—then the sea gulls
 fly
Like a fleet of ships on the rolling ocean.
Rising and falling with ceaseless motion,
They tack to right and to left, then sail
With white wings fluttering, into the gale.
For they love the storm and the ocean's
 roar
With the ardor of warriors going to war,
And their screams, amid the lightning's
 flash

THE STORM BIRDS (continued)

And the howling wind and the thunder-
crash,
Ring like the piercing war-cry, clear
'Mid the din of the battle, far and near.

THUS fly the sea-gulls; and oft I think,
As I watch them over the ocean's brink,
That these wild lovers of storm and strife
Are the souls of the vikings gone from
life—

Homeless and restless, and wild and free,
Ever to roam o'er the boundless sea.

(1900.)

IN DREAMS ALONE

IN my dreams alone can I love you,
In the vast, vague realms of sleep—
From the babbling world remove you,
To myself as a treasure keep.
Your words and your lightning glances,
That shoot to the heart like fire—
These are mine in the realm of fancies;
There alone thou art mine, Heart's Desire.

ON the crowded lawn I can watch you,
As you move with a queenly grace,
And the sunbeams strive to match you,
In the glory that lights your face.
I can drink in the beams that enfold you,
I can steal from your eye heaven's fire—
But only in dreams can I hold you
To my breast, there alone, Heart's Desire.

IN DREAMS ALONE (continued)

QUEEN of love, as you move in your
garden,
Do the breezes caress your hair?
Do the slim blades of grass cry pardon
To be trod by a foot so fair?
Does the rose shed her dew in showers?
Do the birds hymn in gentler choir?
Does the pollen burst out from the flowers
At sight of thee, Heart's Desire?

THERE'S a brook where I sit and ponder.
As I gaze in its limpid stream
I feel that your face grows fonder,
And your eyes with an echo gleam,
An echo to my affection—
None to see, none to seek, none to hear—
I can love you without detection
In my brook there alone, Most Dear.
(1911.)

THE TOAST

I RAISED the goblet in the air,
With its heart of shining gold.
What is the wine that sparkles there?
Is it gay champagne, or Madeira fair?
Or Falernian, famed of old?

"A TOAST, my friend, I'll drink to you!"
As I lifted the goblet up.
But the wine had lost its brilliant hue—
'Twas merely a glittering drop of dew;
And the glass was a buttercup.
(0061)

PRINCE AHMED

INTO the starry night,
Beneath the deep celestial bowl,
Prince Ahmed led his maiden bright,
And there dissolved his soul.
No sigh breathed on the wind,
Nor lisp came from the sea;
The moon behind a cloud was blind;
The earth slept silently.

BLACK loomed the castle walls;
Above, a million stars did shine;
While dimly from the distant halls
They heard a zither pine.
Her lips with incense breathed,
Full tender was her look—
He with one glance his heart bequeathed,
And by a touch he took.

PRINCE AHMED (continued)

NO words were spoken then;
No words they ever spoke before;
But nightwinds from the darkened glen
A whispered message bore.
Others had pleaded much;
His deeds alone could call.
He wooed her with a silent touch
And by a glance told all.

WHAT battles cried their tale
To her, beside the tinsel sea?
How many toils, and dangers pale
That would not uttered be?
What had these labors been
That could such passion wake?
With a touch he drew the screen
And by a glance he spake.

HIDE them in purple shade,
O mantle eloquent with stars!
Thou wast for sweet persuasion made;
No word thy meaning mars.

PRINCE AHMED (continued)

Under the hallowed night,
Ere yet the music failed,
Prince Ahmed led his maiden bright
And there his soul unveiled.

(1912.)

SAILING

A SOLEMN silence broods o'er the bay
As we skim along;
And slowly die the sounds of the day,
Save only the breakers moaning away
Their ceaseless song.

I CAN see her stretched with careless grace
In the bow, at ease,
All wrapped in thought, with an upturned face
To the evening breeze—
A profile the dying sunbeams trace
On the cold gray sky, where the bright clouds
race
Like a golden fleece.

THE fitful breezes are blowing her hair
In a shower of gold.
So thoughtful, silent, so cold, so fair,
Like a Valkyre of old.

SAILING (continued)

She drinks deep drafts of the cool salt air;
The spray flies up, but she does not care,
For only God and the sea are there—
God and the sea are everywhere—
Her heart is wrapped in unconscious prayer,
And her thoughts untold.

(1902.)

THE NORTH POLE

ALL dark and cold, mysterious, sublime,
She sits upon the summit of the earth,
Where she will be until the end of time,
And has been since its birth.

A CORSELET smooth, of ice, unbroken,
bright,
Girdeth her breasts in curves that every-
where
Reflect and radiate in golden light
Her locks of waving hair.

THE dark folds of her purple mantle float,
Set with a thousand diamonds, wide and
far;
And one bright diamond clasps it to her
throat—
The gleaming polar star.

THE NORTH POLE (continued)

AND, siren-like, she lures men on to death—
Brave mariners, who fear not sea nor sky.
She breathes upon them with her icy breath;
In solitude they die.

DESTRUCTION waits the bold, who seek
to know

Her secrets, or to look upon her face—
Except the dull, unthinking Esquimo,
Her own peculiar race.

(1900.)

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

THE waves roared loud and the waves dashed
high,
And madly leapt to a scowling sky.
The ship rolled round in the trough of the
sea,
And the crew were as drunk as a crew could
be.
“Steer to the north,” the captain said,
“By the polar star there swinging ahead.”
The pilot looked; but he saw no star
Save one, gleaming bright in the mist afar.
He bore hard-a-port, the pilot he,
And the rest bore port till they couldn’t see;
And the north star brighter and brighter
grew
Till it seemed that the sun had hove in view.
“It may be drink, or it may be dreams,”
Said the pilot at last, “but blast my beams
If I steer by that blooming star any more—

[36]

CHANGE

I SAW a warrior at dawn of day,
Standing with folded arms upon the shore.
I turned to watch him ere I went my way—
This man of rugged war.

IN admiration bound I paused to gaze
Upon his massive form and noble mien;
Upon the scars that marred his swarthy face,
So fearlessly serene.

“O MAN of war! O tower of strength!” I
mused,
“Thy mighty limbs the storms of life defy.
Inured to hardships and to blows well used,
Could'st thou decay or die?”

* * * * *

CHANGE (continued)

AS sunset came, there wandered o'er the
sands
A frail man, withered, bent with weight of
years,
Who leaned upon the cane between his
hands,
Oppressed by childish fears.

AND in this tottering, aged man I saw
The warrior who in strength and grandeur
stood
(It could not be so many years before)
Beside this very wood.

YES, thus must strength and beauty fade
away,
All that is lovely, all that seemeth high.
Thus everything must falter and decay,
Rise, shine, then fade and die.

(1898.)

CONTRA ELEGIAM

"SOME village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."
—*Gray's Elegy.*

NO genius ever dragged a silent life
Inglorious from the cradle to the grave,
Apart from manly thought and manly strife,
Unmindful of the honor he should crave.

NO Cromwell, when he heard the stirring
din
That marked the raging conflict far away,
Would crush the ardor of his heart within
And live secluded from his country's fray.

NO Milton, in a quiet rustic town,
Would dwell unspeaking while the planets roll—
All heedless of ambition's call, to drown
The noblest inspirations of his soul.

CONTRA ELEGIAM (continued)

OFT from the humblest, lowliest ranks of
men,
Those with the hearts of heroes upward
press
And reach the summit after toil and pain,
Where Glory waits to herald their suc-
cess.

(1897.)

THE MIRAGE

THE sinking sunbeams glisten on the sands;
The desert stretches wide in golden light;
And far away the distant caravans
Wind ever on, and disappear from sight
Where flocks of fleecy clouds are skimming
past
To sink and settle in the west at last.

BUT lo, the heavens seem to burst in flame!
Wildly the hordes of Islam hasten on,
Shouting afar their warlike prophet's name.
They sweep along beneath the setting sun,
They pass with trampling steeds and clang
of arms,
While earth re-echoes with their wild alarms.

AND now the crimson mellows into gold.
Vast cities seem to stretch from sea to sea,

THE MIRAGE (continued)

In pomp of glory and of wealth untold—
A scene of oriental luxury.
And dome-crowned mosques and palaces
arise
'Mid palms and gardens green against the
skies.

SLOWLY the gold dissolves; the cities fall;
The gilded scene now softly fades away.
Here stands a column, or a shattered wall,
While all the rest has vanished with the
day.
At last these very remnants disappear;
The silent desert stretches dark and drear.

THUS, O Arabia! was thy sudden rise,
Thy wealth, thy grandeur, and thy swift
decline.
And thou hast left few relics for our eyes—
Yet one attests thy grandeur to mankind;
The great Alhambra stands at this late
hour
The last and noblest symbol of thy power.

(1899.)

FANATICS

ACCURSED they stand, a lonely band,
From age to age.
Long have they borne the brunt of scorn,
Contempt, and rage.

THEY saw life through a crooked view;
This was the crime
For which they bled, toiled, suffered, fled
In every clime.

THEY dared to fight for what was right,
As they believed.
They shut their ears to all the jeers
Which they received.

THEIR bodies wet with blood and sweat,
They did not swerve;
And Heaven knows they bore their blows
With iron nerve.

FANATICS (continued)

THEY sowed the seeds of mighty deeds
Both good and bad,
While those that saw looked on in awe
And called them mad.

TOO great a flood of such fierce blood
Might wreck mankind;
Yet they inspire the world with fire,
Zeal unconfined.

(1900.)

THE SYLVAN DANCE

DARK shadows fall upon the woods,
The silver moon comes forth;
The bright stars rival in their light
The streamers of the north.

THERE is a grassy forest glade
Whereon the moon shines down,
And casts a widening spell of light
That circles it around.

AND here the jovial satyrs dance
Within the laughing light,
And join the graceful forest nymphs,
Who come in robes of white.

THE wood scene glows and sparkles bright,
Rich music fills the air,
And sweetly, gayly glide about
The jocund and the fair.

THE SYLVAN DANCE (continued)

THEY turn, they whirl in joyous throng;
The nymphs and satyrs sing;
And cheery are the mystic rites
Within the magic ring.

THEN slower, slower grows the dance;
The light begins to wane;
The music softens now, and swells,
And dies away again.

OH, softly, softly breathe and watch;
The dance is growing slow,
And sadly dim the shadows flit,
And gently fades the glow.

THE sylvan bells have died away;
The moonlit glade is cleared;
The satyrs and the forest nymphs
Alike have disappeared.

HOW quickly all bright visions come
And quickly flee away;
Yet often leave within the heart
Balm for another day.

(1898.)

FRAGMENT

A GOLDEN gleam was lying
 Along the darkling bay;
 A distant song was dying,
 From halls across the way;
 There was a soft caress, it seemed,
 Within the very air;
 And on the spot a dream I dreamed,
 Supremely sweet, divinely fair.

(1910.)

A SKIRT DANCE

HOW gracefully the silken bands
Alternately open and close,
Widen into their separate strands
And delicately expose
The rounded limbs, as the curve expands;
Then sink into rival rows.

ON, on, dance on, swing round the lace,
The lace that baffles me
Like tantalizing clouds that chase
Over the bay, and fitfully
Shut it before the mariner's face,
Home-gazing wistfully.

(1902.)

SHE SMILES

SHE smiles. Those sweet responsive eyes
Light up; the dimples slowly spread;
And flashes forth in gay surprise
The very hair around her head.

AH, who can such a spell withstand?
Along the keyboard of the heart,
Like notes beneath some master hand,
A thousand wild sensations dart.

CHROMATICS piercing, sharp and weird,
Through tremulos of pure delight,
Ere dancing runs have disappeared
In minors, yearning infinite.

WHILE passion's thundering chords re-
sound,
Arpeggios of fear sweep past
Until the slow retard brings 'round
Soft, dulcet cadences, at last.

SHE SMILES (continued)

DOES fear or wild desire excel?

Does joy predominate or pain?

I know not; but the echoes swell

With sweet contentment in their train.

(1903.)

A LANDSCAPE

NOW Winter has unbound her tossing locks,
The snow hangs to the mountain's flanks;
The dismal forest groans and rocks,
The hoary cliff withstands the shocks
Of crested ocean's charging ranks;
The little rill, beneath its glassy coat,
Hides from the blast, with quaintly gurgling
throat.

(1904.)

RESIGNATION

WE wandered o'er the meadows fair,
We wandered o'er the lea,
She with her loose and waving hair
And grace so wild and free.
Roll ever on, ye little brook,
And roll right merrily;
For we alone are all the world
And she is all for me.

THEY wandered o'er the meadows fair,
They wandered o'er the lea;
And she had bound her waving hair,
And lost that grace so free.
Roll sadly on, ye little brook,
Yea, roll on wearily;
For there are others in the world
And she's no more for me.

RESIGNATION (continued)

AND yet 'tis better so, perhaps;

For frank and brave is he.

The eighteenth summer ever saps

A grace so wild and free.

So let them wander hand in hand,

A happy pair to see,

And leave me lonely with my pipe—

She's far too good for me.

(1900.)

A BOY POET'S FIRST SONG

HURRAH! the Roman corpses
Lie in the forest far.
Hurrah! for Varus mounts no more
In a triumphal car.

HURRAH! the Romans tried to yoke
Two lions to the plough;
The lions broke their puny bonds—
Where are the Romans now?

HURRAH for brave Arminius!
Who led us to the fight,
The Suevians and Cheruskians,
For freedom just and right.

HURRAH! the news was brought to Rome;
The Emperor saw
And heard the fatal message
That Varus was no more.

A BOY POET'S FIRST SONG (continued)

THEN Octavius Augustus
Against the unmoved wall
Smote thrice his head and cried aloud
In anguish through the hall:
"Varus! Varus! give me
Back my legions, Varus."
(1894.)

ANOTHER JUVENILE EFFORT

ROSY-FINGERED Aurora appears
High over Ætolia's hills;
Dewy morning discloses a maiden
Thinking tearfully over her ills.

FROM her beautiful cheek the soft West-
wind,
Sweet Zephyrus, brushes a tear,
And as he sweeps over her shoulder
He speaks words of love in her ear.

"COOL West-wind, thy breezes console me;
Waft the sorrow away from my heart.
Fan my cheek, O Favonius! I love thee;
From thee I wish never to part."

BUT Zephyr's amours to the maiden
Are stayed by a terrible noise—
The keen piercing blast of the North-wind,
And the sound of a moaning, hoarse voice.

ANOTHER JUVENILE EFFORT (continued)

"O MAIDEN!" the voice sounded gruffly,
"O maiden; come thou and be mine."

'Twas wild Boreas who frightened the damsel
As she sprang from her pleasant recline.

"I LOVE thee, O maiden, I love thee,
No harm from me thou'lt receive;
Come! come to my home in the northland,
With pleasures thou canst not perceive."

BUT the maiden called, and called loudly,
On Zeus, the all-father, to save,
And vainly mild Zephyrus struggled,
Little help to the maiden he gave.

BOREAS, angered and wrathful
That his love was returned but with fright,
Seized on the imploring damsel
And bore her away out of sight.

ANOTHER JUVENILE EFFORT (continued)

EVER more where Favonius wanders
He sighs and he sobs as he goes;
Ever more from the north come the wailings
And moanings of griefs and of woes.
(1896.)

WITH A GUITAR

IN the evening, when the twilight
Brings the weary world its rest,
When the mystic moon grows brighter
As the glow dies in the west,
And the day-time shouts of laughter
Slowly melt away, repressed—

ON our divan here we nestle,
Safe, alone, where none will seek,
And we sing together softly
Passion's songs, too deep to speak,
While I feel her hallowed breathing,
Warm and tender on my cheek.

AH! her voice is richly mellow,
Lilting thus from bar to bar.
Wondrously it calms and thrills me—
Wafts my lifted soul afar
On the wings of music, springing
From the heart of my guitar.

(1900.)

LAWRENCEVILLE 1900 CLASS ODE

THE solemn hour of parting is at hand.
We, who so long have formed this little
band
Of friends and classmates, gather in a
throng
With reverent hearts, to sing our farewell
song.

HERE, as we stand assembled heart to
heart,
E'en ere we know, the hour is gone—we
part;
And, when the echoes of our hymn are o'er,
The Class of "Naughty-Naught" will be no
more.

WHEN these fond scenes have faded dim
away
And our school life is part of yesterday

LAWRENCEVILLE 1900 CLASS ODE (continued)

And we ourselves are scattered far and
wide,
Yet may the sacred memories abide.

THOU God of love and friendship, through
the past
It was Thy care that made our friendship
fast.
Through four long years of mingled toil
and play
It was Thy hand which led us on our way.

THESE scenes, these friends and comrades
grown so dear
We owe to Thee; be Thou forever near.
Keep in our hearts the lessons Thou hast
taught
While we were still the sons of "Naughty-
Naught."

DEEP in our hearts through every good or
ill,

LAWRENCEVILLE 1900 CLASS ODE (continued)

Be Thou, oh Lord, our guide and guardian
still,

That ever we, in word and deed and thought,
Bring honor to the Class of "Naughty
Naught."

(1900.)

"OLLA PODRIDA" DEDICATION

THE time draws nigh that ends our school
career;

The last days are approaching, soon to
pass.

Then would we leave this simple volume
here

To carry on the memory of our Class—
A record of our work and of our play,

A record of our cares and hopes and joys,
And a memento when we're far away

And Lawrenceville is shelt'ring other
boys.

THIS is its purpose. So, to each good
friend

Who loves The School and helps to
spread its fame,

To all the loyal fellows, who defend

Its honor and who reverence its name,

“OLLA PODRIDA” (continued)

To any who perchance some interest take
In glancing through a book of school-boy
lore—

To each and all of you we dedicate
And pray you open this and look it o'er.
(1900.)

ON A GREEK CONDITION

HOW hard is the lot of a captive taken in
war,
Bound by chains to the rail of the triumph
car,
Choked with dust, dragged on with a jolt
and a jar.

I, TOO, am bound to a car by brazen chains.
While Latin and Greek, grim drivers, fling
out the reins,
The car its pitiless, purposeless pace main-
tains.

TO left and right the river of knowledge
gleams
Limpid and bright, fed by a thousand
streams
That flow from the hill of thoughts through
the vale of dreams.

ON A GREEK CONDITION (continued)

THE deeds of the past in a turbulent tor-
rent race;
The river of science sweeps on at an even
pace;
The golden ripples of fancy and fiction
chase.

“DRINK!” cries my burning throat, “ere
the bank recedes.”

“Drink!” cries my soul; for truly the spirit
bleeds—

But the skeleton drivers lash their tireless
steeds,

And on, ever on, the classical car pro-
ceeds.

(1902.)

THE ELECT

CLUB hat-band waxing warmer,
His manner waxes cold;
And What's-his-name's not as he was
In the brave days of old.
(1902.)

PLATO VERSIFIED

SAID Socrates to Charmides,
 "Do you believe in killing fleas?"
Said Charmides, "Well that depends,
I think, on whom the flea descends.

IF upon a woman's lips,
I'd kill it with my finger tips.
If it lit upon her cheek,
My eager lips the flea would seek.

IF it lit on Plato's back,
I'd kill it with a hearty smack.
But if on Kritias it should light,
I'd just sit still and watch it bite."

SAID Kritias, "Do you speak aright
In saying you would let it bite?
Suppose, then, having bitten me
It straightway jumped across to thee."

PLATO VERSIFIED (continued)

"BY Zeus," said Charmides, "there is
Much truth in that remark of his;
For, if from him to me it flew,
I might be stung with meanness too."

HERE Kritias said to Socrates,
When all had helped themselves to chairs,
"You may believe in killing fleas,
But I'm for splitting hairs.

SO if you think it well, we'll sit
And you will talk and I will chat,
And, when you give me tat for tit,
I'll give you tit for tat.

TWO words may mean the same, but still
(No matter what it spells)
We'll twist each one around until
They all mean something else."

PLATO VERSIFIED (continued)

"I CARE not what I talk about,"
And Socrates was that,*
"Most of the time I have no doubt
I'm talking through my hat."

AND this was Kritias,† "We are still;
Begin, I humbly pray;
Consider how the students will
Make sense of what we say."

(1904.)

* ὁ δε ἦν Σ

† ὁ δε ἦν Κ

NARCISSUS (TO A HE-HEROINE)

HERE'S to the Mullah's Queen
 (How you'd like to hug her),
Whose flaxen tresses serve to screen
 The fiery locks of "Slugger."

HE loves her, I'd surmise,
 For again and again I've found him
Gazing wistfully into her eyes,
 When nobody is around him.

SHE seems to return his love—
 She's a very responsive creature;
Since she imitates hurriedly every move
 He makes, to the turn of a feature.

BUT the obstacles twixt the pair
 Grieve me, that this should be;
For our friend can see her only where
 There's also a glass to see.

NARCISSUS (TO A HE-HEROINE) (continued)

[P. S.] Dear F—: I must make haste
To add that you've good taste.
This little red-cheeked lass
Would not break any glass.
I'd also like to state
That, were I "off the wagon,"
I'd break to her full many a glass—
Nay, many a good sized flagon.
(1903.)

ON A COURSE OF LECTURES

LIKE the droning of the bee
Sounds the voice of old MacD—
Through the long
Quiet summer afternoon,
In the balmy air of June—
A ceaseless song.

WITH his instruments surrounded,
North, south, east and west all
bounded,
He can't be wrong;
But we've really no idea
Why we've got to linger here
So deuced long.

(1902.)

“ODE” TO A FRIEND

BILL TODD, you're the most good natured
chap

That ever sat on a woman's lap—
But you probably never did, good Will,
For if you had you'd be there still.
You're so darned lazy I really think
You wouldn't budge if the earth should sink.
You'll never reach heavenly seats sublime;
The golden stairs are too much of a climb.
Yet you've never done anything awfully bad,
And I don't think you'd be damned if you
had;

And some fine day I suppose that you
Will die, for want of better to do.
Then whether you'll get to heaven or hell
The Lord knows only, and He won't tell.
But I hope that I'll be with you, Todd;
For you're one of the best that's made
by God.

(1902.)

A FLIPPANT LETTER

DEAR K—: Since all things have a time
'Tis time I answered your epistle (nay
'Tis rather late I fear, but you know I'm
So busy) just received the other day.
The fancy takes me to reply in rhyme,
Especially as I have naught to say,
And when you've naught to say you'll
say it better
In rhyme than in the more prosaic letter.

I HAVE been reading gay Don Juan of late
(Which may account for crookedness of
metre)
And think with Byron nothing is of great
Account save pleasure, and what can be
sweeter

A FLIPPANT LETTER (continued)

Than to sit down and calmly contemplate
The wall, the ceiling or the plain blank
sheet or
The blotter or penholder or the ink;
Think and then write, then write a line
and think.

AND most of all when each meandering
thought
(Meandering is surely most poetic!)
Calls to my fancy scenes with gladness
fraught,
Good times together, mirthful and athletic,
All things that are in Hebe's high school
taught.
Your picture, K—— dear, (how I'd like
to get it)
Especially is engraven on my fancy,
Which brings me to my point—I droole
like Chauncey.

A FLIPPANT LETTER (continued)

DO you remember standing up in stand "E,"

When Princeton made her stand at old

New Haven

And kept the score a tie (you understand
me)

Amid a sea of faces (some unshaven)?

We made a bet I think of Huyler's candy.

I won; but I fear candy like a craven.

If any Huyler's comes to my headquar-
ters

I'll straightway throw it in Carnegie's
waters.

SEA yet unseen!—not faces, but the same

Carnegie Sea, I mean, and not the letter

Which has the honor to begin his name—

And surely could be doing nothing better,

Since it will enter thus the Hall of Fame

And half the theatres in New York will
get a

Large Carnegie C to grace the portal

(Which is to make Andrew and us im-
mortal!)

A FLIPPANT LETTER (continued)

I WAS about to indite to it an ode
When those bad puns so rudely interrupted—
But, never mind, we will resume our road;
Take up the argument where we had
dropped it.
We were discussing candy and I showed
By Huyler's I could never be corrupted.
And now we've settled our hypothesis
The proposition is about like this:

THE code of honor orders "pay your bets"
(Not debts, observe; for honorable people
Quite often keep a reservoir of debts,
Or pile them up as high as any steeple).
But I O U's are very good assets,
For at the start the gamester learns to
keep all
His tradesmen waiting, till he finds he's
able
To square his brothers of the gaming
table.

A FLIPPANT LETTER (continued)

ECONOMY, however, would deny

The policy, indeed practicability.

Demand must always balance with supply

According to the best of its ability

(So saith the law of Adam Smith—not I—

And deviation is impossibility).

Besides I'm sure no thinking person
wishes

To feed five pounds of Huyler's to the
fishes.

* * * * *

(1904.)

BETRAYED BY A DREAM

I HAD a dream last night. I dreamt I saw
Ten pretty girls behind a half closed door.

MY heart beat high, hoping flirtatious fun.
The ladies were approaching one by one.

AS each one passed (the zest a dream can
give
Makes it a feeble thing to really live)—

AS each one passed I kissed her on the lips
With eager haste.—But, oh proverbial slips,

EACH maiden was transmuted as she passed
Into some “poler” sad—and You the last!
(1903.)

SUPPLANTED

WHEN an old friend wanders in
And endeavors to begin
A pleasant conversation, or amusing yarn
to spin,
With a feeling of chagrin
He is apt to find he's "in";
For Kitty dear may disappear.
What?
How?
Why?
Wherefore?—
"Lynn!"

POOR friendship that has been,
When you cannot even win
One farewell word from Kitty, for she
doesn't care a pin.

SUPPLANTED (continued)

An excuse that's somewhat thin
And a lifting of her chin;

Then a curt "Good day," and she runs
away.

Why?

How?

What?

Wherefore?—

"Lynn!"

(1903.)

ONE BATHING SUIT

“**M**AN wants but little here below”
And woman even less;
For I have seen some bathing suits
Ill suited for a dress.

OH, Mrs. Hansom’s bathing suit!
Oh, wondrous scarlet frock!
Enchanting dream of ill repute
Staid morals for to shock!

OH, help me, Muse, to tell its charms,
This dainty little shred,
And Mrs. Hansom’s snow-white arms
Against a strip of red.

THIS was no showy garb of state,
As on the sands are set;
The crowds were restless thro the wait
Until the suit got wet.

ONE BATHING SUIT (continued)

SHE took her seat upon the raft,
The eager swarm around,
All closely drawing up abaft
To see she be not drowned.

AND then—but, never mind, she swam
And frolicked merrily.
She didn't care one "royal damn"—
How many, pray, cared we?

E'EN every Sunday afternoon
We drove six miles, to lave
Our limbs and hear the gentle tune
Of blue Peconic's wave.

TO us the chapel bells were mute;
We hurried to the shore
To see the famous bathing suit—
And just a little more.

ONE BATHING SUIT (continued)

BUT now the beach is desolate;
Deserted is the bay;
For Mrs. Hansom's heartless mate
Hath wafted her away.

(1904.)

TRANSLATION FROM TENNYSON

EVENING or matinée star
And a few "Scotch highs" for me;
And then the whiskey tenors of the bar,
And a game with two or three.

AND when the drink puts most of us to sleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
I'll venture out upon the tossing street—
Turn again home.

LAMPLIGHT and midnight bell,
And after that the dark.
I'll tell the blooming cops to "go to hell,"
At Central Park.

AND, though from all idea of time and space
My booze may bear me far,
I still must meet my good wife face to
face—
When I have left the bar.

(1901.)

A RASH BETROTHAL

WHEN you two come to marry,
You merry little sinner,
You're going to have Harry
Up every night to dinner?

IF you think Jack jealous,
You'll get another guess.
By that time he'll be zealous-
Ly engaged in rushing Bess.

AS husband he will have to
Buy your jewelry and skirts;
But he'll start in running after
Some other little flirts.

AND you will merely tarry
Till he has washed and dressed;
Then telephone to Harry,
Who will manage all the rest.

A RASH BETROTHAL (continued)

AND, when your matrimony
Hath run its little course,
'Twill end in alimony,
Dakota and divorce.

THEN Harry and his "honey"
Will occupy the house.
You'll spend your Johnny's money
Like a loyal little spouse.

WHILE our hero, principally
To show he doesn't care,
Will watch some "pony ballet"
Kicking punctures in the air.

HE'LL gaze at "Peter Pouffles,"
He'll stare at "Piff" and "Paff,"
Slinging humour by canoe-fulls
As he wonders when to laugh.

WHILE the powdered "fairies" gambol,
While the "comic artists" chat,
His weary mind will ramble
To the once romantic flat.

A RASH BETROTHAL (continued)

THOUGH the eyes of beauty glisten,
Though the smile of love attracts,
He will inward turn and listen
To sad mental cataracts.

AND when "artistes" quick, light-footed,
By the foot-lights dance in glee,
He, unseeing, will be rooted
To the spot, like Niobe.

TILL at last, with bearing placid
And reporters standing nigh,
He will drink carbolic acid,
Crying, "Faithless, look! I die!"

NOW, with all the woes I throw in,
'Tis a certain observation
That he'll go the road to ruin
In despite of Carrie Nation.

(1904.)

SANS GÊNE PHILOSOPHY

SHOULD Fortune turn on fickle heel,
Her recent kindness changed to hate,
I'd smile at Fortune, and await
The revolution of her wheel.

SHOULD riches vanish into air,
Should comforts go and pleasures flee,
And even grim Necessity
Appear and lead in black despair,

'TWOULD only nerve my comprehension
To try how Fate is best beguiled.
I'd put Necessity with child
And make a virtue of Invention.

AND, till the evil Fates forbear,
I'd seek a less expensive haven
And take to "Bull" instead of "Craven,"
With some degree of savoir faire.

SANS GÊNE PHILOSOPHY (continued)

SHOULD friends desert when other woes
And dire calamities beset me,
I know of those who won't forget me—
I still, at least, shall have my foes.

SHOULD sickness come, my ills to double,
Should suffering and disease attack,
I think, while lying on my back,
I'd keep from getting into trouble.

AND as for death, imagination
Can picture nothing worse than life,
With sin and shame and sorrow rife;
And death is but a new creation.

I'D take a gambler's chance with Death.
I'd play for double-quits with Fate.
I might draw in a royal straight
Flush. If I lose, what lose I?—Breath.

SANS GÊNE PHILOSOPHY (continued)

THEN strike your hardest, black Despair.
I have a mail you cannot pierce;
And, though your blows be sharp and
fierce,
He will not flinch who does not care.

BUT yet one thing is lacking still,
But yet one thing I call to mind:
Chloe, by all the gods, be kind,
Chloe—one frown from you would kill!
(1904.)

A SCENE AT THE KHAN

[The Khan is an inn built up against the city wall, which rises high above it on the top of a steep incline, that sweeps down to a broad lake covered on its margin by pond lilies. A broad, stone terrace in front overhangs the road by about ten feet and commands a fine view of the lake below and the mountains beyond. As it is night, little of this can be seen. Tables are placed on the terrace, which is strung with paper lanterns.]

Orthes, Carteros and Calandar are seated at a table drinking tokay from small glasses. They are dressed in hussar uniforms, booted and spurred. Other officers and some civilians are seated around at different tables, and, though it is late, one or two ladies, beautifully dressed, are present. Oneiradioches sits with the three hussars. He wears the native costume, a kilt of muslin with a short blue coat and a flowing sash. His hair, partly covered by a scarlet turban, is long, black and silky. His eyes are large and bright, but his expression is dreamy.]

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

Oneiradioches

Now 'tis the moon's prime halt—the hour is one.
And all good souls in bed are buried deep
And evil spirits have but just begun
Their devious march. Hurrah! let virtue sleep!
Myself an uncomplaining watch will keep
Beside the flowing bowl. Fill up the glass!
Calpe! Leuca! Mella! Quick the bottle pass!

Orthes

My nightingale, 'tis no fit hour for rhyme,
Nor subtle disquisitions on the time!
What think you of the fate of your three friends,
Soon to be sacrificed to make amends
For Aporos, Hubristes and the rest—
Far from the gallant town of Eagle's Crest
Far from the boulevards, the palace gay,
Far from our houries and our warm tokay,
Far from our pleasant talks and hours of ease
Far from the wit of Oneiradioches.

Oneiradioches

Far from your gambling debts and tailor's bills,
Far from your evening balls and morning drills,
Far from your mistresses of yesterday
And other ladies hard to disobey.

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

Calandar

And harder still perhaps to serve. But look!
This is rank treason—We shall never brook
To scorn a mistress present or unseen
Here's to all mistresses and first the—

Orthes

Lean

Forward a minute—You may just perceive—
Hist! Not a word! Pseudes behind an eave!
A narrow squeak! But quick, my friends, con-
verse,
He'll think our drinks have made us kine or
worse—

Oneiradioches

Aha! The mighty shadow on the veil
Proclaims our

Calandar

Orgo!

Carteros

Orgo hail!

Orthes

All hail!

[Enter Orgo, a thick-set, powerful, pompous man,
with face much bloated by wine and passion.]

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

Orgo

Good evening all. Good drinking! But allow
A moment please to me and business. How
Pray do you youngsters think to meet the day
In readiness for marching—Talk! tokay!
What do you think? Does that make beef and
eye?

Help you to march, to shoot, to charge, to die?
Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I have called the
guards

As my last battlement, my final cards,
To show this loud plebeian mob a trick,
To put them to the turnabout and quick.
I expect every man to be a score
And every officer a dozen more.
Our regiments of line will never fight
Unless you show the way. The vicious bite
Of hydrophobic democracy
Has gotten in their blood most damnably—
I'd like to hang the swine. An hour ago
I met a sergeant who saluted—so.

[Puts his hand to his nose.]

I sliced his head. He got away. But hark!
The miserable hounds are full of bark!

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

Sick to the core with treachery. In fine
Only we Huns can keep them into line—
So I rely on you, ye understand,
To pay the piper and to act the band.

[He stops for a moment and notices Oneiradioches, who is sipping tokay and gazing at the stars.]

Poets forsooth! and tokay! Get a knave
To make you virtuous, and a rabbit brave!

Oneiradioches

[As if dreaming.]

Oh! woe is me! the champions of the crown
From general have descended unto clown.
Oh! let a satyr preach you temperance
And get an ass to quote you common sense,
Or ask your wives to teach you to be mute
And from a sergeant learn the new salute—

[Orgo gets up and stares at the poet glowering.]

Orgo

Do you mean me?

Oneiradioches

[Flicking an ash off his cigarette.]

The illustration's apt—

I'm glad you see it.

Orgo

[In a bellowing voice.]

Hound! I should have you strapped!

[97]

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

[Draws his sword and throws himself on the poet, who, springing up, deftly parries the blow with a table knife and trips the hero with his chair. Orthes and Calandar seize Oneiradioches and hustle him off by main force, while Carteros helps up the general somewhat dazed and mops off a cut over his eye with a handkerchief.]

Orgo

Where is he? Where? Where?

Orthes

He's fled, my lord.

Orgo

Fled! has the cur? By my unerring sword
I'll see him hung for this! For better men
Than he have felt my wrath for less.

Orthes

What then,

My lord? He's but a peasant. You never
could

Imbue your sabre thus in peasant's blood—

Orgo

True! true! my noble friend. I'll have him
hung

Tomorrow ere the vesper hymn is sung!

I thank you noble friend that you did save

This sword from digging thus a peasant's
grave—

A SCENE AT THE KHAN (continued)

And ere we leave I'll sip with you a drink—
And ere you sleep on my advisements think—
Will you, my friend?

[He sits down stiffly.]

Orthes

Aye! that I will, my lord

I think our present fortunes do afford
Some room for thought.

[Orthes calls for drinks which are finally brought
by Calpe, a very tired girl.]

* * * * * * *

(1908. Unfinished.)

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETII

Mother of the Aeneadae, thou bright
Fostering Venus, gods' and men's delight!
 'Neath gliding constellations of the
 night,
Invocation
to Venus
and Dedi-
cation to
Memnius. Thou dost pervade and permeate the
 main,

Ship-laden, and the fruit-producing plain;
Since all things animate through thee alone
Are born to view the splendor of the sun.
The winds disperse before thee and the clouds
Fly at thy advent, goddess. Earth enshrouds
Herself for thee with all her fairest flowers;
The waves of ocean smile, and heaven pours
Its radiant light. Soon as the vernal day
Appears and loosened breaths of Zephyr play,
Then, by thy power smitten to the heart,
Aërial birds thy tidings first impart.
Then frenzied herds o'er smiling meadows
 swarm
And swim the rapid streams. Bound by thy
 charm

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

They follow thee where'er thy guidance leads,
Far over mountains, lakes, and verdant meads,
Through tangled haunts of birds and torrents
wild,

Impelled by thee, with warm desire beguiled.
Alluring love instilled in every mind,
They propagate their races each in kind.

Since o'er this scheme of things thou bearest
sway—

Without thee nothing sees the light of day,
Without thee nothing glad or fair can be—
Then as my sole companion I choose thee
In weaving of these verses I design
To pen for Memniades, thine and mine,
Whom thou hast willed, oh goddess, to excel,
Honored in all things, and all times as well.
Then o'er my song, divine one, cast a spell
Of charm eternal. Meanwhile lull to sleep
The savage works of war o'er land and deep.
For only thou canst bless with peace; since
Mars
Strongarmed, who rules the savage work of
wars,

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Full often casts himself upon thy breast,
By passion's never-healing wound oppressed.
Then gazing up with comely head supine,
His greedy glances, goddess, feed on thine.
Drinking deep draughts of love from thee, his
breath

Hangs on thy lips. Then, as he lies within
Thy bosom, goddess, clasping him about
With thy adorable embrace, pour out
Eloquent words beguiling him to peace
Towards Romans; since in troubled times like
these

We may not work light-hearted, nor can steal
The race of Memnius from the public weal.
For what remains give heed with open ear
And mind attentive, freed from every
care;

Definition
of Atoms.

Lest thou despise the gifts my careful thought
Shall lay before thee ere their drift is caught.
For thy sake I am ready to debate
Upon the loftiest problems—on the state
Of heaven and of the gods; and I shall show
The primordial elements and how
Nature from these all things creates, evolves,

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Combines, and back to these again dissolves
Things that are ruined. These it is agreed,
Defining them, to designate as seed
Of things, or bodies generating one
Great whole or matter, and to build upon
As primal atoms, whence all things are spun.

Victory
of
Reason
over
Religion.
Democ-
ritus.

When human life lay shamefully
prostrate,

Crushed to the earth beneath Reli-
gion's weight,

Who raised her head o'er heaven's celestial
screen,

Glowring on mortals with a hideous mien,
A man of Greece first dared his eyes to raise
Against her and combat her, face to face.
Him neither thunderbolt nor idle vaunt
Of gods nor heaven with threat'ning roar could
daunt;

But fanned the eager purpose of his mind,
That he should first create the bars that bind
The gates of nature. Hence his vig'rous force
Of spirit conquered, and he shaped his course
Beyond the flaming bulwarks of the world.
Far through the mighty universe he hurled

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

His intellect; and thence triumphantly
Returned to tell what can, what cannot be,
With what fixed power each thing is possessed
And where it terminates. From then, oppressed
In turn, Religion under foot is trod.
His conquest makes us equal unto God.

Moral
effect of
Religion.
Sacrifice
of
Iphigenia. I fear lest you may think to enter in
Unholy realms of doubt and paths of
sin;
Whereas this same Religion many

times
Has caused what dreadful, what revolting
crimes!

In Aulis once the Grecian lords, dismayed,
By what fell compact horribly obeyed,
Besmeared the altars of the Trivian maid
With Iphianassa's blood? When round her
brow

Ribbons were bound, on each cheek falling low,
And when she saw her wretched father stand
Before the altars, with the priests at hand,
Hiding the knife, and all her countrymen
Dissolved in weeping at her aspect, then
Upon her knees she fell in speechless dread.

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Nor did it aught avail the hapless maid
At such an hour, that she was first to bring
The sacred name of father to the King.
For to the altars trembling she is borne
By arms of strangers, not as on that morn
When, after the accustomed ties are bound
With sacred rites, hymeneal hymns resound;
But, with the very age of marriage nigh,
This unstained maid, a victim stained must die;
And from her father's hand the stroke endures.
This to the fleet a prosperous sail ensures!
To such an act Religion then conjures.

Religion
based on
the fear
of future
punish-
ment.

Even thyself will slip from us I fear,
Conquered by awe-struck visions of
the seer.

How many fables can these men devise
To blind our modes of life with phantasies,
And thus confuse thy fortunes! Rightly so;
For, if men saw a certain end below
To ills eternal, then with prudence could
They meet the scruples of this brotherhood.
But now there is no motive, there's no power
To think, if endless torment is death's dower.
For the soul's nature is unknown on earth;

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIIUS (continued)

Whether 'tis born, or finds us at our
birth;
Whether it dies with us, or yet for-
sakes

Strange
ideas of
the soul
invented
by poets.

The corpse to seek the darkness and vast lakes
Of Orcus, or in supernatural ways
Enters the various beasts, as Ennius says—
Our Ennius who was first to bear a crown
From lovely Helycon and win renown
Among Italian races. He foretells
Besides this Acherusian citadels,
Describing them in words which will not die.
Neither our souls nor bodies dwell thereby,
But only shadows wonderfully pale.
The ghost of Homer rises on the gale,
Still flourishing and shedding briny tears,
Describes to us the nature of the spheres.

However, as to things above, 'twere
best,

Plan of
the Dis-
cussion.

When we have found the laws at
whose behest
The sun and moon upon their circles turn,
And how things grow on earth, then shall we
learn

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Of the soul's nature, with sagacious thought,
And of the shapes which, mystically brought
Before us when awake, alarm the mind
As though diseased, and, when in sleep confined,
It seems we did encounter face to face
Those whom the earth holds locked in her embrace.

'Tis hard I know in Latin verse to speak
The subtle disquisitions of the Greek;
Since many things in novel terms must be
Discussed, because of this tongue's poverty
And strangeness of the subject. But the force
Of thy deserts and friendly intercourse
Constrain me every toil to undergo,
Lead me to watch the serene starlight through,
Seeking what verses and what words may cast
Before thy mind the clearest ray at last,
That these deep mysteries thou mayest survey.

First
Argument:
Nothing
ever can
be made
from
nothing.

Not the sun's light nor brilliant
shafts of day
Must scatter the soul's fears and over-
awe

The shadows; but the aspect and the law
Of nature. This first principle is laid

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Before us—nothing ever can be made
From nothing by celestial agency.
Such is the terror grasps men when they see
Strange things performed in ocean, sky, and
land.

Whose causes they by no means understand,
That they resort to heavenly influence.
Thus, when we see that nothing can commence
From nothing, then the goal we contemplate
Is rightly sought—how things may generate
And how, without the gods, they operate.

For, if from nothing anything was made.

Then from all sorts of things would be conveyed

their proper seed. All species; nothing would require seed.

Men might arise from ocean; land might breed
Scale-bearing fish, and the whole race of birds
Burst forth from heaven; the domestic herds,
As well as all wild animals that roam,
Would indiscriminately make their home
In desert or in cultivated ground;
Not on the same tree would like fruits be found;

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

But they would change, and every kind could
bring

Forth every other. If for everything
There were not generating bodies, how
Could all things then a definite mother know?
Now, since all things are born from definite seed,
Then each is born and comes to light indeed
From that in which its own material lies,
And its original atoms. In no wise
Can everything from all things be produced;
Because the hidden power is infused

In special things. Why do we see the

They
could
arrive
in any
season.

Spring

Pour out her roses, and the Summer
bring

Her corn, and vines at Autumn's call appear,
If not that, in th' appointed time of year
When the especial seeds together flow,
Whatever is created then must grow
During its season? Animated earth
Meanwhile to all her tender shoots gives birth
And safely bears them to the shores of day.
But, were things out of nothing made, straight-
way

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

At unfixed intervals would they arrive
 And easily in alien seasons thrive;
 Since elemental parts would not remain,
 Which unpropitious seasons could restrain
 From fertilizing concourse; nor be
 need
 They
 would
 not need
 time to
 grow.
 Of time for things developing from
 seed,

If they could grow from nothing. Infants then
 Would unexpectedly appear as men,
 And trees from earth leap suddenly to view.
 'Tis manifest that no such thing is true,
 But things develop slowly as is meet.
 From definite seed and growing they repeat
 Their species. So you must observe
 that these
 These
 phenomena
 explained
 by ele-
 mentary
 atoms.
 Upon their own material increase;
 And thus it happens that, unsoaked by
 rains,

At certain intervals the earth refrains
 From yielding joyous progeny, nor yet
 Can animal life deprived of food beget
 Its kind or keep existence. Better far
 You may suppose that many bodies are

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Common to many things, as we perceive
Letters in different words, than to believe
That things without such elements exist.
Why then does nature constantly resist
Moulding such men as could, with giant tread,
Traverse the sea, rend mountains from their bed,
And outlive centuries, if not because
Matter, in breeding things, has settled laws
And what can rise from each is definite?
Nothing from nothing comes, we must admit,
Since things require seed before they fare
Forth to the spacious realms of light and air.
Finally, since we see the nurtured field
Excel the waste and finer produce yield,
'Tis clear that in the earth are elements
Which, when we labor in the soil, commence
To struggle toward their being. But, if they
Did not exist, in some spontaneous way
The earth more splendid garments would display.

Second
Argument:
Nothing
is ever
reduced
to
nothing.

Nature, moreover, everything translates
To elements, but ne'er annihilates
Anything. If mortality should lie

VERSES OF A SHORT LIFE

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Things
would
suddenly
vanish
without
decay.

In all its parts, then suddenly 'twould
die
Before our eyes, and vanish into air;
Since there would need no forces to
prepare

The loosening of its parts, or to dissolve
Their bonds. As all created things evolve
From seed eternal, nature will allow
The ruin of no single thing to show,
Until some force shall meet and dissipate
With impact, or mid voids shall penetrate
And so dissolve it. Everything again
That time through age removes as seasons wane,

All
matter
would
have
long ago
been
destroyed,
if none
of it is
eternal.

If time destroyed them sudden and
devoured
Their whole material, whence hath
Venus poured
The race of animals renewed by birth

Each in its species? How doth artful earth
Nourish and still augment the constant brood,
Off'ring to each in kind its proper food?
How have extraneous streams from far and wide,
And his own native founts, the sea supplied?
How doth broad ether feed the star in space?

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIVS (continued)

For infinite time gone by and lapse of days
Must have consumed all things of mortal mould.
But did this space of bygone ages hold
Bodies from which the universe is spun,
Then these must be eternal, and not one
Reverts to nothing. The same cause and power
Indeed, would indiscriminate devour
All things, unless eternal substances
Composed them, bound together more or less.
A touch, forsooth, would easily suffice
To kill; since any force must break the ties
Of bodies where no deathless matter lies.

The
destruction of
one
thing
restores
another.

In fact, because the bonds of atoms
'twixt
Each other are unlike, their matter
fixed,

Bodies remain unharmed until they reach
A force found sharp enough to sever each
According to their textures. Therefore aught
Is never actually brought to naught,
But on its dissolution turns again
To particles of matter. Lastly, rain,
When father Ether pours it in the lap
Of mother Earth, will vanish; and the sap

BOOK FIRST OF LUCRETIUS (continued)

Swells in the ripe fruit, verdant turns the bough
Upon the tree, and this itself will grow
Laden with offspring. Hence the race of man
And that of beasts is nourished; hence we scan
Glad cities, teeming with their youthful herds,
And leafy woods that sing with new fledged
birds;

Hence cattle, lazy with their fat, delight
To lie in pleasant pastures, while the white
And milky stream from bursting udders drips;
Hence a new progeny with weak limbs skips
And frolics in the grass, their young hearts
buoyed

By the pure milk. These things are not de-
stroyed,

Even though it seem so. Nature will refit
One from another, and will not permit
Anything to be born, except the death
Of something else its substance shall bequeath.

(1913.)

AN ODE OF HORACE

SEPTIMIUS, to Gades let us roam
Or yet Cantabria, untaught to bear
Our yoke, or yet the savage Syrtes, where
Thunders the Moorish foam.

MAY Tibur, reared by Argive pilgrims, be
The final couch of my declining age,
The end of weariness, the closing page
Of travel, strife and sea.

FROM there, if an unkindly fate restrains,
We'll seek the valley of Galesus, rich
In fleecy flocks and fertile fields, o'er which
Spartan Phalanthus reigns.

THAT corner of the earth smiles more serene
Than all the rest to me, whose honey
passes
That of Hymettus and whose grape out-
classes
That of Venafrius green;

AN ODE OF HORACE (continued)

WHERE the wild climate to long spring
 inclines
And winters calm; where Aulon rests
 at peace
With fruitful Bacchus and his quarrels
 cease
With the Falernian vines.

THAT blessed spot, those blessed vales and
 meres
Are calling thee and me. There shall you
 blend
The glowing ashes of your poet friend
With well earned tears.

(1902.)

FROM THE ANACREONTICS

ANACREON, the Teian,
Melodious bard,
Perceiving me to be in
A slumber, came toward
Mine eyes—a vision sweet addressing.
I ran to clasp him, close caressing.

THOUGH old, yet still divine,
Lovely and loving—
His lips were breathing wine,
As ever-roving
Eros held his hand, to guide him,
And tingled while he marched beside him.

HE gave from off his brow
The wreath, which crowned it,
To me. With many a vow
And prayer I bound it,

FROM THE ANACREONTICS (continued)

Abashed and blushing, round my own;
And it was fragrant of Anacreon.

FROM then till now I've never tried to roam
Apart from Love, his follower become.

(1912.)

AFTER SOPHOCLES

GENTLE Zephyr,
Bring me ease;
Fan my eyelids drowsy in thy breeze;
Fan my wandering soul to Morpheus,
Slowly slipping from the grasp
Of thought and sinking in thy clasp.
O Zephyr, lead me by the hand
Into the realms of dreamy wonderland.

LEAD me, Zephyr,
Where the maidens play,
Bathing their milk-white feet from day
to day,
Wringing their golden hair
Into the ripples of Pactolus, where
Medean slaves in myriads stand,
To sift from it the ever shining sand.

AFTER SOPHOCLES (continued)

LEAD me, Zephyr, to the marble cave
Where Hathor sits in beauty o'er her
grave;
And from her breast
Flows wine, and he who drinks may never
rest;
But straying listlessly from shore to shore,
Whatever gained, be ever wanting more;
And every continent his shadow haunts
And vaguely wanting, knows not what he
wants,
Until he reach beyond the eastern pale—
Then the dawn goddess lifts for him her veil,
And then, the wizards say, a moment's bliss
Consumes him in the fire of her kiss.

(1903.)

A LETTER HOME

DEAR MAMA—'Tis brightly cold and clear
to-day;

The sunbeams glisten on the snow,
Like happy thoughts that dance and play
Upon the joyful heart, and throw
Greetings to all, but most to thee,
This day of thy nativity.

FOR Winter on the threshold stands
And seems to linger with a smile;
And Spring with Winter joineth hands
And bids him bide a little while.
Our thoughts, like carrier pigeons, roam
Homewards. How bright to-day is Home!

BUT nature is not always fair;
The clouds descend, the showers come—
The dull monotony of care,
The daily toils, that chill and numb
The senses and the spirit bind,
To put a polish on the mind.

A LETTER HOME (continued)

TO struggle on through cold and gloom,
To struggle oft without success;
And if success come—shared with whom?
How like an endless wilderness!
And yet amid the burning sand
Doth Home her genial arms extend.

WHEN danger, like a brazen bell,
Breaks out upon the chimes of peace,
The pulses beat, the spirits swell,
And scatter comforts, health, and ease;
Or risking name, instead of life,
Mix in the great financial strife,

WHERE mighty minds meet thought with
thought,
And all depends on nerve and brain,
And every energy is taut.
Nature rebels against the strain;
Like vessels on the sea, distressed,
Men homeward turn again for rest.

A LETTER HOME (continued)

COME gain, come loss, come good, come ill;

One ever follows close the other;

But Home, unchanged, awaits me still,

And you await me still, my Mother.

Now unto you all blessings be

This day of your nativity.

(1902.)

AS SUNSET DIES

THE blood-red sunset is fading low
In the western sky.
Lo! even so the encarmined glow
Of thy cheeks must die.

THE last light gleams on the silvery streams
With the waning day.
Thy soft eyes shine with a light divine—
It will pass away.

THE sunbeams tinge with a golden fringe
The clouds, that chase
O'er the horizon. The lock that lies on
Thy gentle face—

FANNED by the air, its wisps of hair
Are all golden now—
Soon shall be white, like the pale moonlight
On the mountain's brow.

AS SUNSET DIES (continued)

HOW shall we part, dear heart, dear heart!

For the night steals on.

To-morrow thou shalt not be as now,

But a spectre wan.

ONLY the ghost of a beauty lost,

With its faded charms.

Oh, better to lie down here and die

In each other's arms!

THEN quick! Thy lip, ere the moment
slip!

Oh, a thousand hours

Of love and bliss into one last kiss,

While the time is ours.

DEPARTING day shall sweep us away

O'er the shelving brink;

But now our eyes behold paradise,

And we will not think.

(1904.)

THALASSA

TELL me not of Hell.
The meadow brook glides past
Through shady glade and sunny dell;
The Amazon plods along as well
In the gloom of a dark contrast.
And over the rocks and cliffs, pell mell,
The torrent hurtles; but, strange to tell,
All come to the sea at last.

(1901.)

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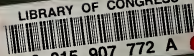
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